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000 should have been helpless without the little Malay we had learned on board ship.

We had our first unforgettable glimpse of Bali at dawn when the little K.P.M. steamer approached Buleleng — a high dark peak reflected on a sea as smooth as polished steel, with the summit of the cone hidden in dark, metallic clouds. As we were rowed ashore, Buleleng came out of the mist: the eternal tin roofs and dilapidated Chinese houses, the concrete steamship office, and the scraggy coolies of every small port of the Indies. 472 Landing on the primitive wooden pier, we received the inevitable 494 welcome of Patimah, a gay and dignified middle-aged Balinese "princess" from whom one rents a car to go to the south of the island. Patimah is a famous woman: tales go about that she was saved by the Dutch from being burned alive at the cremation of her husband, the king of Bali. The truth is that she was visiting in Buleleng at the time the Radja [1] of Klungkung was killed with his whole court when he opposed the Dutch army. Patimah escaped death by submitting quietly and remaining in Buleleng. There she married a henpecked Mohammedan, changed her religion and became the prosperous owner of a silver and brocade shop and of a fleet of fine motor-cars for hire. The traveller succumbs easily to her charm, her lively sense of humour, and her hospitality when she serves coffee on her veranda, and he seldom fails to buy a hammered silver bowl or a brocade scarf. But some Babbitt has taught unsuspecting Patimah that a typical American greeting is: "Shake the bottle!" followed by a significant gesture of the hand. This is the only English she knows.

After the coffee interlude the traveller is hurried into his car, 117 and while his baggage is being tied on, he is told that he is going to Den Pasar, the capital of the South, "centre of Balinese culture," where are the only large, comfortable hotels. The car darts through narrow streets lined with dingy little shops of cheap crockery and cotton goods run by emaciated Chinese in undershirts or by Arabs with forbidding black beards. Javanese in

[1] So spelled here to differentiate it from "Rajah," an Indian ruler.

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796 805 [443] held in rotation every day in one of the villages that work in groups of three.

Other date names are used mainly for magic and religious 777 805 793 purposes, making of the calendar a science so complicated in itself that it is practised mainly by specialists, generally the Brahmanic priests and witch-doctors, who, by the ownership of intricate charts (*tika*) with secret symbols painted on paper or carved in wood, and of palm-leaf manuscripts (*wariga*) by which the lucky or unlucky dates are located, make the people dependent on them for this purpose, because the Balinese are obliged to consult them for good dates for every special undertaking and have to pay for the consultation.

769 796 *Galunggan. Nyepí* is the acknowledged New Year feast of the solar-lunar year, but the Balinese celebrate another "new year" in the great holiday of *galunggan*, when the ancestral spirits come down to earth to dwell again in the homes of their descendants. The ancestors supposedly arrive five days before the day of *galunggan*, receive many offerings, and go back to heaven after ten days, five days before *kuninggan*, the feast of all souls.

Every home and all implements were provided with offerings for *galunggan*, the old utensils renewed and the baskets washed. On all the roads, at the gate of every home, tall *penyors* were erected, meant perhaps to be seen from the summits of the mountains where the gods dwell, together with a little bamboo altar from which hung a *lamak*, one of those beautiful mosaics on long strips of palm-leaf. For this occasion the *lamaks* were over thirty feet long and had to hang from the tops of the coconut trees.

292 796 Everybody wore new clothes and the whole of Bali went out for a great national picnic. Everywhere there were women with offerings on their heads and many old men dressed for the occa- [177] [494] [883] sion in old-fashioned style, gold kris and all, although with an incongruous imported undershirt. The younger generation preferred to tear all over the island in open motor-cars, packed like

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396 [292] [494] [883] sardines, dressed in fancy costumes, many young men in absurd versions of European clothes, the girls wearing their brightest silks and their best gold flowers in their hair. After visiting the village temple the gay groups went to the many feasts held on this and the following days all over the island. At this time the peculiar monsters called *barong* – a great fleece of long hair with a mask and gilt ornaments, animated by two men – were "loose" and free to go wherever they pleased. Everywhere on the road one met the cavorting holy *barongs*, who had become foolish for the day, dancing down the roads and paths, followed breathlessly by their orchestras and attendants.

796 [781] In the temple of Gelgel, the former capital, there was a great feast where plays were given and violent "kris dances" were staged – when crazed men in a trance pretended to stab themselves and tore live chickens with their teeth to show their wickedness; but a more serene feast was celebrated in the jungle temple near the summit of the Batukau. There the mountain people brought offerings to the Batukau spirit while the Elders prepared the banquet in the spring underneath giant tree-ferns; performing afterwards a majestic *baris* dance, each dressed in black and white magic cloth, mimicking a stately battle with their long spears.

[782] [535] Ten days after *galunggan* came the day *kuninggan*, when new offerings and new *lamaks* were made and coconut husks were burned in front of every gate. This was the date of the temple feast of *Tirta Empul*, the sacred baths near Tampaksiring, and all morning people bathed unashamed in the purifying waters, men on one side, women on the other, after leaving an offering for the deity of the spring. They turned their backs on the crowd, unconcerned under the spouts, each of which is supposed to have a special purifying or curative quality. Eventually the local prince arrived with his wives and with an impressive retinue of servants. Also the *barongs* of the district came prancing down the hills to offer their respects and snap their jaws while a *pemangku* offered their prayers, manifesting their tem-

[515] [783]

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